

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
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MARVEL
COMICS
AUG
#1

PINT-SIZED X-BABIES



FROM THE PAGES OF

X-MEN

DIRECT EDITION



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KIRBY

THE GOOD GUYS...

CYKE

This guy, like his earthbound doppelganger known as *Cyclops*, is the valiant leader of his X-team. His powerful optic blasts make him a force to be reckoned with!



SHOWER

This lovely young lady is the Mojo-ified version of *Storm*, complete with control over the weather! (Lightning sold separately.)



WOLVIE

This pint-sized Canucklehead has the claws, healing factor, and nasty attitude of his older (but not much taller) version, *Wolverine*!



CREEPY CRAWLER

This li'l blue-furred, yellow-eyed elf is the teeny tiny version of Excalibur's German-born *Nightcrawler*! (Comes with prehensile tail and trademarked "Bamf" teleport power!)



COLOSSUSUS

Shiny! Metallic! Really buff! Russian! This little bugger's got all the super strength and invulnerability of his big buddy, *Colossus*!



BOYO

Holy shillelagh, 'tis a mini-*Banshee*! Fear not, me little leprechauns, there's nothin' small 'bout this li'l lad's sonic scream!



CHARLIE X

Wow, who woulda thought such a little kid could be so bald? Just like the X-Men's cueball-headed mentor-*Professor Charles Xavier*-this guy's got telepathic powers!



They are homo sapi sort or--boys and girls. structure has gifted them with extraordinary abilities! Gather 'round, Professor Charles Xavier! ly, the original X-Babies were gathered by Professor X into X-like forms by Mojo, but since Mojo's ratings, Mojo actually created them to take their place... the X-Babies have incredible powers for the betterment of mankind. Okay, okay, they're not shunned by those with powers. The X-Babies fight an endless battle to bridge the ever-widening gap between humanity and mutantkind. They just wanna make Mojo

BABIES



ens superior...
is whose genetic
hem with extraor-
ered together by
er... ummm, actual-
re the real X-Men who
K and reverted to child-
e they had such high
ed these new ones to
abies use their
the betterment of
y use 'em for fun.
hout spines, these
ss battle to
ing gulf between
kind... well, really
ook bad. Tee-heel

THE BIG MEANIES...

MOJO



Fat, spineless, and mentally deranged, *Mojo* is the deposed and sometimes dead (we have a hard time keeping track) ruler of the *Mojoverse*, a world that revolves around the ratings of televised programming. The exploits of the *X-Men* have always gotten *Mojo* the ratings he needed to stay in charge, and when he shrunk the *X-Men* to their younger forms, the ratings soared even higher! Unfortunately for *Mojo*, the *X-Men* fought back and reverted to their normal ages, but *Mojo* decided to create his own *X-Babies* to replace them. Sometimes, though, he regrets that decision....

MAJOR DOMO



This flamboyant guy is the snobby lackey of *Mojo*. *Major Domo* is destined to obey the fat guy's every whim, although sometimes it's a little hard to tell which one of the two is actually the boss.

ARCADE



Yippee! Another flamboyant guy! This guy, though, is a little more deadly than the last, since *Arcade* is the mastermind behind *Murderworld*--a mobile amusement park of deadly traps designed to kill even the most wily of super heroes! *Arcade*'s tussled with the *X-Men* several times before and lost, but teamed up with *Mojo*, who knows what he could do to the *X-Babies*?

THE LI'L BAD GUYS...

MYSTIQUE



Aww, ain't she sweet? NO! This little shapeshifter is just as nasty as her Earthly counterpart, *Mystique*! (Complete with blue skin and yellow eyes, just like *Creepy-Crawler*!)

SLOB



Just because he's young doesn't mean he's a lightweight! This little butterball has the uncanny ability to plop himself down and resist being moved, just like our good buddy the *Blob*!

PHYRO



G'day, mates! This li'l punk is a shrunk-down version of *Pyro*, and where he comes from, "pyro" is Australian for fire!

SNAGGLETOOTH



Awww, he's wike a widdle stuffed tiger! NOT! Like his savage "big brother," *Sabretooth*, *Snaggie* is a vicious, clawed freak with a healing factor! (See *Wolvie* for the good guy version!)

JUGGERNUT



Just like the armored hulk from Earth known as the *Juggernaut*, once li'l *Juggie* gets himself movin', there ain't nothin' gonna stop 'im!

TOADPOLE



Mmmm. Frog's legs. Heh heh. This tadpole-sized version of Earth's *Toad* can jump around with the best of 'em!

MAGNETO



Ooh... scary! *Magneto*'s adult version, the deadly mutant called *Magneto*, has the same control over the electromagnetic spectrum that this little fella does!

FAIR AWAY THERE'S A LAND WHERE THE RIVER IS ALWAYS SUNNY,
THE GRASS IS ALWAYS GREEN AND THE SKY ALWAYS BUNNY.
THERE'S A TOWN SPRUNG FROM A VEGGIE-PATCH,
WHERE THEY PLAY THE DAY AWAY AT TAGS AND WIDE AND CATCH.
WHERE THEY PLAY THE DAY AWAY AT TAGS AND WIDE AND CATCH.
WHERE THEY PLAY THE DAY AWAY AT TAGS AND WIDE AND CATCH.
IT'S THE PLAYGROUND AND THE HOME FOR A COLORFUL LITTLE MIX
OF A HAPPY, BUNNY SCAMP WHO'S CALLED

THE PIX!

MERCY—
PLEASE DON'T
HURT US
ANMORE!



THEN QUICK WITH
THOSE DIGITS -- WHILE
YOU STILL HAVE
ANY!



THIS'S SWEET,
MUSTI Q! WHY
DIDN'T WE RAID
THESE CHIMPS
SOONER?

SPEAKING
OF WHERE'S
CHEF PIX WITH
S MORE
MUNCHIES?



BACK OFF, GLOR!
HE'S MY HOSTAGE,
NOT YOURS!

SNAK!
ON THESE
ROLLS UNDER
YOUR CHIN IF
YOU'RE STILL
HUNGRY!



REHAYE,
QUAGGLETOOTH!
WE CAME FOR THE
STONES, NOT TO
HAVE FUN

LET'S
GO, WE HAVE
MORE PILLAGING
TO DO! WAIT,
OUR GROUP IS
SHORT --

"— WHERE'S PHRO?"

OOOH, YEAH, BABY... THAT'S IT... STRENGTH!

C'MON, C'MON... AH, CRUD!

ALMOST GOT IT, BABY... ARGH!

SCRATCH
SCRATCH
SCRATCH
SCRATCH

THE JUNIOR PYROMANIAC HAS BROKEN NEARLY EVERY MATCH IN VERY LONG ANTICIPATION, HE CAN HARDLY REGRET GETTING THE FIRE OF DRAGON APPLE STEMS AWAY! IF ONLY ONE FLINT WOULD SPARK —

ENGGO!

STRIKE!

— HIS INNATE POWER TO CONTROL AND AMPLIFY OPEN FLAMES CAN DO THE REST.

BURN, BABY, BURN!



THEY DESCEND ALOFT THE WINDS OF A GODDESS-CHILD. MUTANTS, ALL — BORN WITH UNIQUE AND UNCOMMON ABILITIES, CONCERNED BY AN EVIL OVERLORD FOR HIS AMUSEMENT AND EXPLOITATION.

YET, DESPITE THEIR CRYING, THESE YOUNG HEROES TAKE AFTER THEIR NAMESAKES — THE X-MEN, CHAMPIONS OF THE OUTCAST AND THE OPPRESSED.

THE ARRIVAL GIVES THE BROTHERHOOD OF MUTANT BULLIES (B.O.M.B.) CAUSE FOR ALARM, INSPIRED BY THE ELDER TEAM'S RIVALRY, THESE MISCREANTS WILL HAVE TO ANSWER TO A BETTER AND SPITFUL MASTER IF THEIR ANXIETY FAILS.

WHAT? RAIN? SOME- BODY UPSTAIRS CLEARLY HATES ME.

SSSSSS!

SSSSSS!

IT IS MORE THAN AN ERRANT STORM THAT BLOWS INTO TOWN.



UH-OH, BABY, THIS DOES NOT BODE WELL.



RUBEN DIAZ & J.J. KIRBY
Writer/Story/Penciler

SEAN PARSONS with
KORIN PERROTTA,
VINCE RUSSELL,
WILLIAMS & RAMOS
Inkers & Colorists

RUFFER VICKS,
SCHMIGEL SMITH
& TUTTONE
Colorists
Ever More!

RICHARD
STARKINGS &
DAVE LANPHEAR
Letterers
of Love!

SHOWER!

the UNCANNY
Stan Lee
PARADE!
+ BABIES

COLOSSUSUS!

CREEPY
CRAWLER!

BOYO!

WOLVIE!

CYKE!

NOPE --
DOESN'T
BOOE WELL
IN THE
LEAST.

M U G G E R a M a

+ babies
+ CHRIS
CLAREMONT
+ ART
ADAMS!
Created by

MATT IDELSON
Said We'd Keep
Score!

BOB HARRAS
Promised Not
To Swore!



INVESTIGATE THAT RUCKUS. SNAPOLETOOTH APPEARS. PIANO'S RUN INTO OPPOSITION FROM THE PIX.

KIDN'. THEY COULDN'T FORM A BACKBONE IF THEY SAT ON EACH OTHER'S SHOULDERS.

MAKES NO DIFFERENCE, THO'. I'VE BEEN WAITIN' TO RIP ONE ALL DAY!



BETTER TURN THAT WAGON ROUND, SUB!

THE PIX ARE OUR PALS. MESS WITH THEM AND YOU'LL BE CATCHIN' BRUISES FROM THE CRACK-KID!



THE BITTER FEUD BETWEEN THESE TWO RUNS DEEPER THAN MERE BRAGGADRY. THEIR BATTLES ARE OFTEN SAVAGE AND THEIR TAUNTS INTENSELY BRUTAL.

AND ALWAYS ENJOYABLE TO WATCH.

IN CASE YA FORGOT, I'M THE BEST THERE IS AT WHAT I DO!

VEAH, WHUZZAT -- FIGHT LIKE A GNEUP?

GET READY TO SWALLOW THOSE WORDS -- GLOW WITH A COUPLEA TEETH!



SO MUCH F'R THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE, CVKE.

EVEN THOUGH WE OUTNUMBER THEM, THE BROTHERHOOD TEND TO PLAY DIRTY. HOW'RE WE TO GET AROUND THOSE ONE, EH?

WELL, WITH COURAGE, INGENUITY -- AND A WHOLE LOTTA LUCK!

WHEN I
GET MY MITTS
ON YOU RUNTS,
I'M GONNA WASH
YOU LIKE
POTATOES!

I'M
GONNA --
I'M --

**SM
STUCK
2**

FATTY
FATTY TWO-
BY-FOUR CAN'T
FIT THROUGH
THE KITCHEN
DOOR.

WHAT
SAW WE GIVE
THE LAD A
HAND?

CHOOO
YOU FOR
IT!

ONE TAKES
IT. READY?
1... 2... 3!

WINE!

ROCK
BREAKTH
THITH --
SCHEGORG
ERV TIME,
BOOY!

LET TH THREE
IF AN EERLE OF
RUSH-RED CONCUTH --
CONCUSSIVE FORCE
CAN BREAK SLOB
LOOTH!

WE'VE GOT HER
GANG AGAINST THE
ROPES. SUS. GIVIN'
UP YET?

WHAT DO YA
SAU, TOOTH?
WHO'S THE
MAN, HER?

YOUR
MOMMA

THAT TH
ENOUGH. WOLVIE
GAMETH
OVER.

THESE HOOKLOANS'LL
THINK TWICE BEFORE
SHOWING THEIR CROOKED
MUJES AROUND
HERE AGAIN.



YES, IT IS SAFE TO COME OUT NOW. THE WORST IS OVER.

COLOSSUS AND CREEPY CRAWLER ARE SEARCHING THE VILLAGE FOR ANY REMAINING BULLIES.



THANK YOU, OH, SO MUCH, X-BABIES. ON BEHALF OF MY FELLOW PIX, WE ARE ETERNALLY GRATEFUL.

EXCUSE US, AS WE GOATHER OUTSIDE FOR OUR DANCE OF JOY.

NOT TWO FATH. MYTHI Q!

PRETTY THIMART TRICK. THAPE-CHANGING INTO A PIX, COULD'VE FOILED UTH, EXCEPT NO THERP-RETRECTING PIX WOULD EVER REMOVE HITH HAT IN PUBLIC.

YOU'RE RUTHED!



LOOK OUT, MEN FRIENDS! THEY HAVE REINFORCEMENTS!

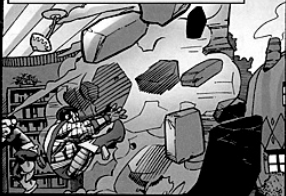


RIG, FLAMIN' DEAL!

MY HIPER-SENSITIVE SENSES SPOTTED MYSTI Q'S ROTTEN BE'ATH THE SECOND SHE STARTED YAPPIN'.

SHOWBOAT.

SUDDENLY, THEIR VICTORY IS BROKEN BY THE SOUND OF CRASHING PUMPKIN PEELS. COLOSSUS SHOOT'S INTO THE ROOM, RICOCHETING LIKE A WILD PINBALL!



CRAWLER'S ALARM IS FOLLOWED BY A SHARP WAVE OF ELECTROMAGNETIC STATIC THAT DROPS THE X-BABIES INSTANTLY AND PAINFULLY!





LATER AT NBC NETWORK HEADQUARTERS...

-- THEN THEY FLEW OFF, LEAVING THE X-BABIES TO LICK THEIR WOUNDS.

I HAVE THE WHOLE EPISODE RIGHT HERE ON TAPE. SUPER HI-FI, 6P, UNEDITED.

© MOJO'S BROADCASTING COMPANY

MOJO, DEPOSED RULER OF MOJOWORLD, NEARLY TOPPLED OFF HIS THRONE. FORTUNE HAS ONCE AGAIN SIDED WITH THE EXILED MEDIA MOGUL.

WHAT A WONDERFUL ADDITION TO MY SWEEPSTAKE WEEK LINE-UP!

ANOTHER STEP IN MY MAGNIFICENT COMEBACK. THAT UPSTART, LOW-BUDGET AND HAS-HAS, DAZLER, WILL PAY FOR RELEGATING ME TO THE PITTS OF PUBLIC ACCESS TELEVISION.

DARE I ASK THE PRICE OF THIS DISSENSION?

© X-MEN 9-8

THE PIX'RE LEMMINGS, MY LORD. MY ONLY DESIRE IS TO STAND APART FROM THE HERD.

I FEEL YOUR PLIGHT. ALL THAT GINGING AND FROCKING MUST BE MADDENING! I'LL FULFILL YOUR WISH AS PAYMENT FOR THIS VIDEO.

OH, MAJOR DOMO! WE HAVE SOMEONE HERE WHO SEEKS TO JOIN THE RANKS OF THE SPINELESS!

GULP!

MAJOR DOMO SAUNDERS IN WITH HIS KEY FOOTMEN, THE GRAPES. BEFORE THE PIX'S INDUCTION, HE MUST ASSURE THE DEVIL WILL GET HIS DUE.

...INDemnIFYING MOJOWISION ON ALL MERCHANDISING AND USES OF YOUR LIKENESS, SMALL TYPE, SMALL TYPE, ETCETERA.

PRINT, SIGN, DATE.

THE PIX BARELY HAS TIME TO REALIZE WHAT HE'S COMMITTED TO BEFORE BEING DRAGGED AWAY!

HIS REPENTANT CRIES FADE UNDER THE WHIRL OF AN OFF-CAMERA BONE-SAW.

POOR, LITTLE BUGGER SHOULD'VE JUST GOTTEN A TATTOO.

SPINEALATOR



FAR FROM MOJO'S LAIR, THE KID'S REGROUP AT THE CLUBHOUSE FOR GIFTED YOUNGSTERS, AN EXPANSIVE MIDWAY NESTLED IN THE LOFTY BRANCHES OF THE UMBRELLA FOREST.

THE TREES OF THIS LUSH GROVE CAN REACH NEARLY 300 FEET, CASTING SHADE FROM HERE TO THE CLEAR MOUNTAINS, MANY MILES AWAY.

INSIDE, THE X-BABES' BIG BROTHER, CHARLIE X, STARES AT THE VIEWSCREEN OF HIS MUTANT-DETECTOR CEREBRUM.

NICKNAMED THE PROF BY HIS CHARGES, CHARLIE BUILT THIS DEVICE TO ENHANCE HIS VAST MENTAL POWERS. WITH IT HE CAN SCAN THE ENTIRE PSYCHIC TERRAIN OF MOJOWORLD.

IT
IS NO
USE --



-- MAGNEATO MUST HAVE CRAFTED A WAY TO BLOCK THEIR ALPHA-WAVE EMISSIONS.

THE BROTHERHOOD'S MUTAGENIC SIGNATURES ARE INVISIBLE TO MY TELEPATHIC PROBS.

DARN. WE HAD THEM REAGED TOO UP UNTIL WOLVIE GOT A LITTLE ANXIOUTH.



HEY -- DON'T BLAME ME, VA ONE-EVED TATTLETALE!

OH, NO? THOSE ONE-ELTHE IGNORED THIEFCIFIC ORDERTH?

SAY IT, DON'T SPRAY IT, OKAY?

AS THE BICKERING ESCALATES, NONE OF THE CHILDREN NOTICE THE FOREBODING SHADOWS PEERING OVER THE HORIZON.

MUTANTS
WELCOME





DON'T
MAKE ME BRING
UP THE THMOKE
GRENADE YOU THREW IN
THE MORLOCKIN' TH
TUNNELS!

GO
WHATCHA
GONNA DO,
GROUND
ME?

I TELL
VE THAT
LAD IS A
MENACE!
AN
ADAMANTIUM
LEAGH AND
MUZZLE G'WHAT
NEED BE ON HIS
CHRISTMAS
LIST!

I
RELIEVE
HE IS
BRAVE AND
HONEST

OUTSIDE, THE CENTENNIALS STALK
THE CLUBHOUSE. THESE MECHANIZED
PREDATORS WERE ORIGINALLY
CONSTRUCTED AS PARADE FLOATS,
ACTIVATED EVERY HUNDRED YEARS
TO CELEBRATE ENGAGEMENT DAY.



MOJO HAS SINCE CO-OPTED
THEM FOR HIS PERSONAL ARSENAL.

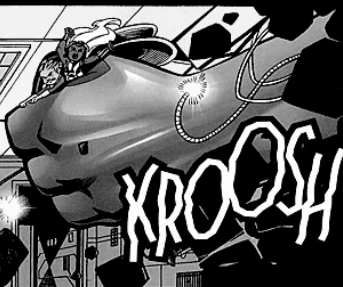


THEIR CURRENT PROGRAMMING
RETAINS A SINGLE HOSTILE DIRECTIVE.

X-BABIES,
WE ARE UNDER
ATTACK!

NO
KIDDIN' --
THEY'VE ALREADY
SNAGGED
BOVO AND
SHOWER!

THOT
FOOLING
AROUND AND
TAKE RATTLE
POTH --
POSITIONS!



XROOSH

THE BRIMSTONE STENCH ACCOMPANYING CREEPY CRAWLER'S BAMFS LINGERS AS HE DEFTLY TELEPORTS OUT OF THE CENTINNELS' GRASP.

COLOSSUSUS MONTS WOLVIE BY HIS ANKLES, WHIRLING HIS FERAL COMRADE WITH EVERY OUNCE OF ORGANIC-STEEL STRENGTH.

THEY CALL THIS MANUEVER THE 'SWIFT AND SPIN'!

ONCE HE LETS GO, WOLVIE HURLS TOWARD THEIR TITANIC ENEMY WITH DIZZIVING SPEED!

EAT RAW CLAW!

THE CENTINNEL TAKES WOLVIE'S WAR CRY QUITE LITERALLY...

CHOMP

...SCARFING HIM INTO THE DEPTHS OF AN INDESTRUCTIBLE STOMACH.

DURING THE SKIRMISH, A CRUCIAL SUPPORT BEAM IS SEVERED AND A BLIZZARD OF RUBBLE POURS OVER THE PROF.

EVER-VIGILANT, CYKE IS ABLE TO BLAST SOME OF THE STONES WITH HIS EYE BEAMS, BUT UNFORTUNATELY, NOT ALL OF THEM.

I'LL GET YOU FREE, PROF!

NO, LEAVE ME! STAND BY YOUR TEAM-MATES!



DESPITE THE X-BABES' VALIANT RESISTANCE, THE CENTENNAE STILL PREVAIL.

CREEPY CRAWLER IS SCRAWLED WITH A DEBILITATING TOXIN AND EASILY CAPTURED.



A BIO-FEEDBACK FIELD PREVENTS ROKO FROM HEARING HIS SOUL SCREAM.

NOR CAN SHOWER EMPLOY HER WEATHER-CONTROLLING TALENTS.



COLOSSUS STRUGGLES TO BREAK LOOSE FROM COUNTERACTING FINGER-CUFFS, UNTIL HIS MIGHT IS EXHAUSTED.

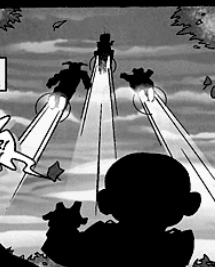


OWKE IS THE LAST TO FALL, ENSNARED IN AN ENERGY NET THAT ABSORBS HIS OPTIC BLAST.

ONCE THEIR BOUNTY IS SECURED, THE CENTENNAE BLAST OFF AND QUICKLY SHRINK INTO THE HORIZON.

PINNED UNDER DERRIG, LEGS CRUSHED, THE PROF REACHES HOPELESSLY FOR HIS STUDENTS.

GYKE!
SHOWER!
WOLVIE!



HIS DISTRESSED TELEPATHIC CALLS BUILD INTO A POUNDING MIGRAINE, BUT THE SILENT SKIES YIELD NO RESPONSE.

THE X-BABES ARE GONE, AND HE IS LEFT ALL ALONE.

SEVERAL UNCONSCIOUS
HOURS LATER...

WHERE ARE WE?
CRAWLER, CAN
YOU TELEPORT
OUT OF THIS
CELL?

AND RISK
BAMFING INTO A
WALL, OR SPACE,
OR WORSE? DANKA
SHOEN, BUT NO
DANKA
SHOEN.

Boop.

PEEFEEW
-- THERE
YOU HAVEN'T
ALREADY TRIED?

HOLD
ON, I HAVE
SOMETHIN'
THAT'LL WORK.

PEEKABOO!

WOLFE,
WHERE DID
YOU GET
THAT?!

LIFTED
IT OFF A
PHIRO.

NOT
THE MATCH,
THAT DISGUSTING
THING IN YOUR
MOUTH.

DON'T
YOU KNOW
SMOKING IS
BAD FOR
YOU?

YEAH, AND
IT STUNTS HER
GROWTH, TOO.
BUT IF VA WANTED A
PIECE OF MY CANDY
BAR, ALL VA HAD
TO DO WAS
ASK!

DEEZ,
AND THEN
WAW I'M
RUDE.

CANDY
BAR?

DUH!
WHAT'D VA
THINK IT
WAS?

HEADS
UP, WE'RE
MOVING!

MMMM,
SUGAR
RUSH!

TEN
SECONDS.

RAISE
THE PLAYERS
ON STAGE.

GET
ME A BYPASS
ON CAMERA
THREE!

ALL
RIGHT --
WE'RE ON IN
FIVE...
FOUR...

CUE
THE
BAND!

THIS WAY

RUSH

THE SHOW OPENS TO THUNDEROUS THEME MUSIC THAT FLOODS THE AUDITORIUM WITH HEAD-WAGGING FUNK.

VOOOO —
WE'RE THE
MONKEY WAGON.
HERE TO WARN
THAT YOU'RE ABOUT
TO HAVE YOUR
BRAIN TEASED
AND TIED IN
KNOTS!

GO
PUT YOUR HANDS
TOGETHER, GIMPLESS
AND STIFF-BACK
FOR YOUR HOST --
THE TASK MASTER
OF TRIVIA

CLAP CLAP CLAP
CLAP CLAP CLAP
RHOO RHOO

THANK
YOU. THANK
YOU -- I'M
ARCADE, AND
WELCOME
TO --

MURDERMATH

TODAY,
TWO TEAMS WILL
COMPETE TO
ANSWER QUESTIONS
IN A SERIES OF
OBSCURE
CATEGORIES.

ANSWER
RIGHT, THEY GET
THE GOOD. ANSWER
WRONG AND THE
OTHER GROUP
SCORES SOME
POINTS.

THE
TEAM WITH
THE LOWEST SCORE
AT THE END OF EACH
ROUND WILL FACE
ANY OF THREE
DEADLY
CHALLENGES.

A PAIR
OF PLAYERS WILL
BE TRANSPORTED
TO OTHERWORLDLY
BATTLEFIELDS TO
SOLVE PERILOUS
PUZZLES IN ORDER
TO STAY ALIVE IN
THE GAME.

AND
I DO MEAN
"STAY
ALIVE!"

GO WITHOUT
FURTHER ADO.
LET'S MEET OUR
CONTESTANTS...



ON MY RIGHT, WE HAVE THOSE LITTLE
RENEGADE RASCALS, ALL THE WAY
FROM LOSERVILLE, THE PINT-SIZED

X-BABIES!

BOO HSSS
BOOO

DUKE --
LOOK WHO
WE ARE
FACING!

LET'S START
THINGS OFF WITH
A YUMMY CATEGORY
WE LIKE TO CALL
BREAKFAST CEREAL
KILLERS!

THAT TH
THIMPLE --
TOUCAN
THAN!

RRRT

AND THEIR OPPONENTS,
MEASURING IN AT THREE
APPLES TALL, THOSE
MISBEHAVING NTES.

THE **BROTHERHOOD**
MUTANT BULLIES!

YEAH RAHH
WOOO

HANDS
ON YOUR
BUZZERS...

FOR SIX HUNDRED
SMACKAROOMIES EACH --
THIS BREAKFAST CEREAL
MASCOT'S "NOSE" IS SHARPER
THAN A PORTLAND'S WHEN
IT COMES TO TRACKING THE
FLAVORS OF FRUIT.

**FAST
REAL**

OOO --
THO THORRY,
THOVE, THE ANSWER
YOU WERE TRYING TO
WRAP YOUR TONGUE
AROUND IS TOUCAN
SAM -- WITH AN
"SSSS"

X-BABIES
STILL HAVE A CHANCE TO
WIN THE ROUND BY
CORRECTLY GUESSING
THE REMAINING
QUESTIONS.





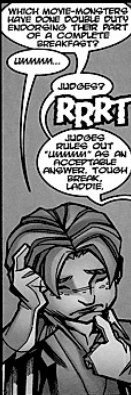
NAME THE CEREAL WHOSE MAGCOT SHOULD BE IN THERAPY FOR HIS OBSESSION WITH ITS CHOCOLATEY GOODNESS.

ERRR... TRRX?

GILLY RABBIT, THAT'S WRONG.

ORRR...

At Sunny's wacky bird who's cooked for Cocoa Puffs.



WHICH MOVIE-MONSTERS HAVE DONE DOUBLE DUTY ENDORSING THEIR PART OF A COMPLETE BREAKFAST?

UHHMM...

JUDGE?!

RRRT

JUDGE'S RULES OUT "UHHMM" AS AN ACCEPTABLE ANSWER. TOUGH BREAK, LADDIE.

At Count Chocula, Frankenberry, Boo-berry, Fruit Bute, and Yummy Mummy.



NAME THE TRADITIONAL MARGARITOW TREATS IN A BOX OF LUCKY CHARMSM AND THEIR CORRESPONDING COLORS.

VIOLET... FLOWERS? RED... RIBBONS?

NOT... EVEN... CLOSE... NEXT.

At Pink Hearts, Yellow Rooms, Orange Stars, and Green Clovers.



THIS'S A TOUGHIE --- WHAT HOT CAT CEREAL USED A SLOGAN LATER BORROWED BY MTV?

TICK-TOCK... TICK-TOCK... TICK-TOCK... TIME'S UP!

At "I want my Maypo!"

BONGBONGBONG



THAT'S THE END OF THE FIRST ROUND! LET'S GO TO OUR SCOREBOARD TO SEE WHO'LL WIN THAT FULL SCHOLARSHIP TO SUMMER SCHOOL.

BY OUR COUNT, IT'S THE B.O.M.B. -- 3000 POINTS. X-BABIES FINISHING WITH A BIG, FAT DOUGHNUT!



ROUND ONE
BROTHERHOOD BULLIES

3000

X-BABIES



YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS?

AND THE TWO UNFORTUNATE TYKES PARTICIPATING IN OUR FIRST ACTION-CHALLENGE ARE: WOLFE AND CYKE!

AWW, NO! ANYBODY BUT HIM!

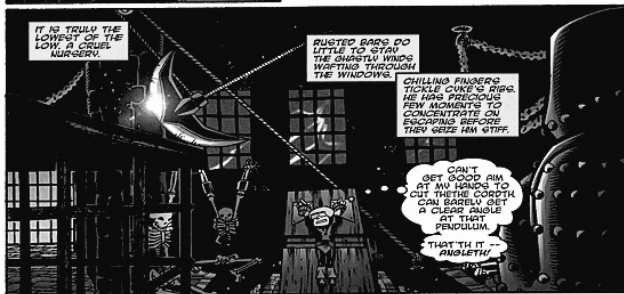
THREEK FOR YOUR-SELF.



THEIR
OBJECTIVE, TO
SCALE THE MOUNTAIN
FORTRESS OF
UNCONQUERABLE
BARBARIANS.
FROM ITS
DARK BOWELS TO
ITS HIGHEST EXIT
BEFORE THE
COMMERCIAL
BREAK.



"FIVE THOUSAND POINTS
AND A DECIDED LEAD
FOR THE X-BASES -- IF
THEY SURVIVE"

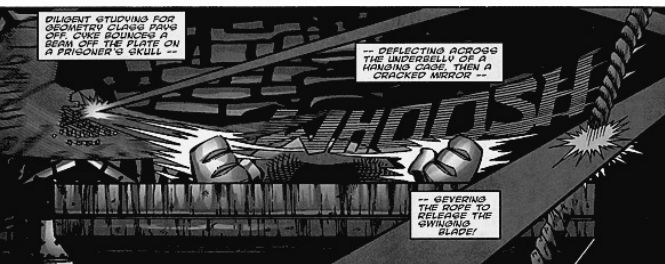


IT IS TRULY THE
LOWEST OF THE
LOW, A CRUEL
NURSERY.

RUSTED BARS DO
LITTLE TO STAY
THE GHOSTLY WINDS
WAFTING THROUGH
THE WINDOWS.

CHILLING FINGERS
TICKLE CUKE'S RIBS.
HE HAS PRECIOUS
FEW MOMENTS TO
CONCENTRATE ON
ESCAPING BEFORE
THEY GRAB HIM STIFF.

CAN'T
GET GOOD AIM
AT MY HANDS TO
CUT THE CORDS
CAN BARELY GET
A CLEAR ANGLE
AT THAT
PENDULUM.
THAT'S IT --
ANGLETH!



DILIGENT STUDYING FOR
GEOMETRY CLASS PAYS
OFF. CUKE BOUNCES A
BEAM OFF THE PLATE ON A
PRISONER'S SKULL --

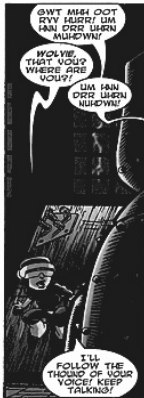
-- DEFLECTING ACROSS
THE UNDERBELLY OF A
HANGING CAGE, THEN A
CRACKED MIRROR --

-- SEVERING
THE ROPE TO
RELEASE THE
SWINGING
BLADE!



ASH --
MADE IT! THAT
WATH WAY TOO
CLOSE!

REMEMD
ME NEVER TO
COMPLAIN ABOUT
MATH HOME-
WORK AGAIN.



GWT MHA OOT
RYV HURR! UM
HAN DRR UHBN
MUDOWN!

WOLVE,
THAT YOU?
WHERE ARE
YOU?!

UM HAN
DRR UHBN
MUDOWN!

I'LL
FOLLOW THE
THOUD OF YOUR
VOICE! KEEP
TALKING!



I'M --
IN -- THE --
IRON --
MADEN.

CHECK
OUT THOSE
THIPKES! MIRACLE
YOU WEREN'T
THKEWERED LIKE
THASH -- THITH
KABOS?

FEELING
FACTOR.



THE BOYS SCURRY ABOUT
THE CATACOMBS, SEARCHING
FOR A WAY TO THE SURFACE.
THEY'VE MAPPED EVERY DEAD-
END AND CIRCULAR CORRIDOR
IN THE STRONGHOLD.

RIGHT
HERE! FEEL
THAT DRAFT
UNDERNEATH
THITH DOOR. IT
MIGHT LEAD
UTH --



--NO--
WHERE!
AND TO
PLENTY
OF IT!

THEY COME OUT OF A
SHAFT. PITCH BLACK
FROM TOP TO
BOTTOM.

A CARELESS SLIP AND
THEY'LL PLUNGE INTO
A SEA OF ENDLESS
OBIVION.

NEVERTHELESS, THE CLOCK
CONTINUES TO WIND DOWN
IN THE FACE OF THIS
INSURMOUNTABLE HURDLE.



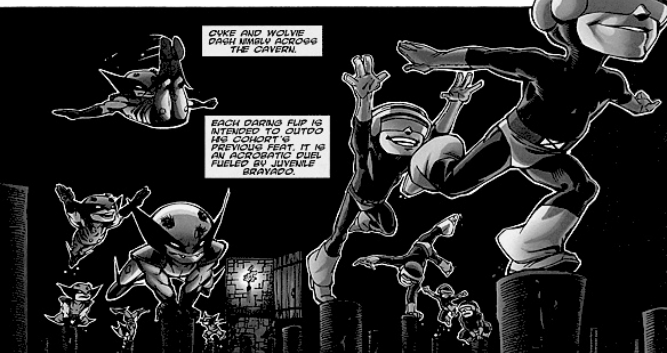
HMM...
LEAPING ACROTH
THOSE UNEVEN
POSTS LOOKTH
DANGEROUTH



SCARED
O FEARLESS
LEADER?



ONLY
ABOUT FLUNKING
THITH CRAZY
TEST! GO
DON'T FALL
BEHIND.



DUKE AND WOLVIE
DASH NIMBLY ACROSS
THE CAVERN.

EACH DARING FLIP IS
INTENDED TO OUTDO
HIS COHORT'S
PREVIOUS FEAT. IT IS
AN ACROBATIC DUEL
FUELED BY JUVENILE
BRAVADO.

YET, A MOMENT
OF INDULGENT
OVERCONFIDENCE --



LAST
MUTANT TO THE
OTHER THIDE
WEARS UNSTABLE-
MOLECULE
UNDERWE --

-- INVITES A DIRE
MISCALCULATION.

---EUGH!



OWKE! SHIT
TIGHT. I'M
COMIN'!



MANNE!
CAN'T EXTEND
ANY MORE
WITHOUT
FALLING!

LEDGE
WON'T LAST
MUCH
LONGER N I
WILL!

GRAB
MY HAND!
C'MON
@STRETCH!



JUMP IF YOU
HAFTA!

HOW
'BOUT
NOW!?
SNIKT

A LITTLE
-- MORE --
FURTHER --



GOTCHA!

HANG
ON! I WON'T
LET YA
DROP!

KRAMBL

CUKE'S MISTAKE COSTS THE X-BABES THEIR BEST CHANCE AT SUCCESS. AS CO-CAPTAIN, HE'S EXPECTED TO PREVENT SUCH LIABILITIES.



NO FOOTING...
TOO WEAK...
TO PULL
UP...

GO FOR THE GREATER GOOD, CUKE MAKES A NOBLE SACRIFICE.



LEAVING WOLVIE TO BRING HOME THE GOLD ON HIS OWN.

IT IS A DUTY HE HONORABLY SHOULDER'S FOR HIS FALLEN PARTNER AND A TEAM WHO DEPENDS ON HIM.



LEVEL UPON LEVEL OF HARROWING TRAPS TAKE WOLVIE TO THE UPPERMOST LANDING OF THIS MEDIEVAL FORTRESS.

TO A DINING HALL OF GRUNTING WARLORDS FIGHTING OVER RACKS OF ROASTED MEATS.

ABOVE THEM, A PORTHOLE -- THOUGH TOO HIGH TO SNEAK OUT UNNOTICED.



NO MATTER, WOLVIE PREFERS THE PERSONAL APPROACH ANYWAY.

PARDON ME, BUBB. DON'T MEAN TA INTERRUPT THE FINDER-LUCKIN' BUFFET VA GOT GON' ON. SPECIALLY SINCE IT AIN'T MY FINGERS.

CAN VA POINT A FELLOW GERZERKER TO THE NEAREST STEP-LADDER?

WHO BE THIS ~BRRUKP~ MADMAN SEEKING AID?





PILED AS THE BROKEN WARRIORS ARE, WOLVIE IS ABLE TO CLIMB THE MOUND TO REACH HIS DESTINATION.

A BITTERSWEET TRIUMPH, NONETHELESS, GIVEN THE EARLIER LOSS.

WOLVIE'S BACK! BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO CYKES?

DON'T WANNA TALK 'BOUT IT.

HE'S OKAY, ISN'T HE? HE'N'T HE?

THINGS'RE STARTING TO HEAT UP! AND OUR NEXT CATEGORY IS NO DIFFERENT. FAN THE FLAMES, KIDDIES. WE'RE -- PLAYING WITH FIRE!

WHO'S THE BREEK --

PROMETHEUS. BABY. PROMETHEUS!

THIS TOOL IS --

BUNGEN BURNER -- AHA, YEAH, BABY!

A DEFORESTATION METHOD --

GLASH AND BURN, SAY-BEE!

WE'RE GETTING SLAUGHTERED! WOLVIE, AREN'T YOU GOING TO JOIN IN?

I'VE ALREADY DONE MY SHARE.

WITH THAT TALL,
THE X-BABIES
WIND UP IN THE
HOT SEAT
AGAIN!

CREEPLY-
CRAWLY AND
COLOGGUGUG!
CHALLENGE'LL BE TO
UNSCRAMBLE A SET
OF ALPHABET BLOCKS
SCATTERED ABOUT OUR
NEXT OBSTACLE
COURSE.

IN ALL
FAIRNESS, WE'VE
PROVIDED THIS
CLUE: "WE WEAR
THEM ALL OUR
LIVES."

DOSYIDANVA.



WOW--
GET A LOAD OF
THIS PLACE! YOU
DON'T SUPPOSE WE
CAN PLAY FOR A
WHILE --

JUST
THE QUICKER
WE COMPLETE OUR
CHORES, THE
SOONER WE CAN
GO HOME.



THERE'S
A PIECE!



RIGHT
ON IT!

GET
IT? RIGHT?
OH... ACH!
NEVER-
MIND.



HUMOR
IS COMPLETELY
LOST ON YOU. I
TOGG THEM -- ROLL
THEM, EVEN -- AND
STILL NO JOKES
GO "JEEOW" OVER
YOUR HEAD!

TOVARISH,
WATCH OUT!

EH?



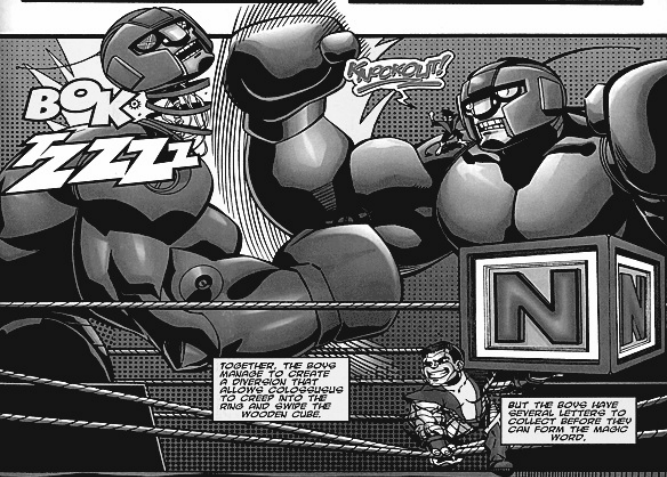
OH --
MISS ME, MISS ME,
NOW YOU'VE
GOTTA MISS
ME --
--SQUARE
ON MY FUZZY,
BLUE KESTER,
THAT IS!

BAMF!



MOTION DETECTORS ACTIVATE
THE ROBOTIC PUGNANTS
THEIR PNEUMATIC PUNCHES
TENGE, CHARGED TO PULVERIZE
WHOEVER'S WITHIN SWINING
DISTANCE.

PUT HIM
ON THE MAT,
CHAMP! GUARD
UP! STICK AND
MOVE!



BOK!
ZZZZ

KICKOUT!

TOGETHER, THE BOYS
MANAGE TO CREATE
A DIVERSION THAT
ALLOWS COLOSSUS
TO CREEP INTO THE
RING AND SWIPE THE
WOODEN CUBE.

BUT THE BOYS HAVE
SEVERAL LETTERS TO
COLLECT BEFORE THEY
CAN FORM THE MAGIC
WORD.





DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL, VIEWERS! WE'RE AT THE LAST, AND MOST DIFFICULT ROUND, THE BOUT'S FOR ALL THE MARBLES!

OUR FINAL 16: TORTURES BEING IN TONY'S GOOD LUCK, CONSEQUENTS!



WE'VE RETURNED, COMRADES. DID WE MAKE THE GRADE?

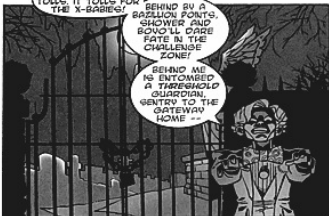
WE'RE DOING GREAT. WOLFE IS AN EXPERT IN THIS NEXT CATEGORY.

CHEATERS -- THE WHOLE SCREWY LOT!

THOSE -SLEEPING- -SLEEPERS- RIGGED THE BUTTON! WE'LL LOSE BY DEFAULT!



ASK NOT FOR WHOM THE GONG TOLLS. IT TOLLS FOR THE X-BABIES!



BEHIND BY A BAZILLION PUNTS, SHOWER AND BOVO'LL DARE FATE IN THE CHALLENGE ZONE!

BEHIND ME IS ENTOMBED A THRESHOLD GUARDIAN, GENTRY TO THE GATEWAY HOME ==



"OVERCOME EVERY OBSTACLE THROWN AT YOU TO EMERGE CROWNED CHAMPIONS FLOUNDER, AND YOU'LL BE BURIED WHERE YOU STAND!"

"GOT"

THIS COULD TAKE FOREVER! THE GRAVEYARD IS HUGE, AND THE WEATHERED HEAD-STONES HARD TO READ.



DECOMPOSING LIMBS SPROUT FROM THE UNSETTLED SOIL. A SWARM OF RESURRECTED, NETWORK PRODUCERS ARE DRAWN TO THE SCENT OF A LUCRATIVE CONCEPT.

THEY SPEW INCOHERENT DEALS AND POTENTIAL MARKET SHARES, EXTENDING A TREMBLING HANDSHAKE THAT BETRAYS THEIR GREEDY INTENTIONS.

THE ZOMBIES SURROUND US! WE HAVE TWO OPTIONS, FIGHT --

RIP
J.D.
ELSON

-- OR
FLIGHT!

MOVIE!

WE CAN
HIDE IN THAT
MAUSOLEUM!

THEY'RE
STILL IN
PURSUIT!

GET AN
AFTERLIFE,
JUNK PEDDLERS!
X-RAYS ARE
ONE OF A
KIND!

SYNDICATION
RIGHTS...
SPIN-OFFS...
LICENSING...

HURRY
NOW, LADS!
FOR SHAMBLES
SHOULD THEY MOVE
PRETTY FAST.

SLUNK



AFTER THE SCRATCHING AT THE DOOR
SUBSIDES, INSIDE OFFERS REGULING
COMFORT.

THE MELLOW AROMA
OF AMBER CANDLES.

THE PLACIDITY OF
DEATH'S GLUMMER.

MY
HEART IS POUNDING.
GODDESS, WHY
CAN'T I BE MORE
CONFIDENT?

IN CUKE'S
ABSENCE
LEADERSHIP
FALLS TO ME.
BUT AM I
READY?



BOVO, ACCORDING
TO THIS PLaque WE
MAY HAVE FOUND
OUR PORTAL.

DO I
HAVE THE
NERVE TO
OPEN IT?

PREPARE
TO
CONFRONT
THE
SUPREME
ORDER!



YUCK, I'M GLAD
IT IS TOO DIM TO
TELL WHAT COVERS
THESE FLOORS.

OH, THOSE BE RUBS
YOU'RE CRUSHING. AIO,
LUCKY OWES BY THE
SOUND OF IT! CAREFUL
NOT TO TRIP
OVER ANY.

HERE
COME HELP
ME PUSH.

KRUP
SHOT
PRAK



NNNNH --
IT'S MOVING!

SO IS
WHATEVER'S
~MMMPF~
INSIDE.



THE MUMMIFIED CORPSE AWAKES
WITH A STARTLED GAZE. IT HAS
BEEN COUNTLESS FULL MOONS
SINCE HE'S HAD TO JUDGE THE
HARDY FROM THE FOOLHARDY.

AAAAA!



HUH? IS
HE DEAD?

CONSIDERING
WE'RE IN A
CEMETERY, I'D
HAVE TO SAY --
YEG.

SCOOT
OVER, ELF.

OW.
OW. OW --
LEG CRAMP.

FLUMP

SHOWER,
LOOK, IT'S THE
REST OF THE
SQUAD!

ABOUT
TIME YOU BUNGS
SHOWED UP! THIS
COFFIN WASN'T
BUILT FOR
COMPANY.

ARCADE
SENT US AS
BACK-UP. I GOT
A FEELIN' HE JUST
WANTED TO GET
RID OF US.

THERE'S MORE
TRUTH TO THAT THAN
YOU CAN IMAGINE.
WOLVIE, CHECK IT OUT!

SMOKE BILLOWS FROM
UNDER THE DUSTY WRAPS,
COALESING INTO A
FENDISH SPECTRE.

ITS BANDAGES COMMENCE
TO SWELL INTO WRITHING
WORMS, BLOATED WITH FEAR,
VICE, AND OTHER NASTY
NEUROSES.

THE BOSEMAN HIMSELF
THRIVES ON SUCH
DEPENDENCIES AND
INSECURITIES.

AND HE DEEMS
THE X-BASE'S A
TEEMING BUNCH!



UNDER HIS WICKED INFLUENCE,
THE X-GAMES ARE ENTHRALLED
IN THE TERROR OF THEIR
WORST NIGHTMARES.

LOST SANITY --



BEING BURIED
ALIVE --



FREAKILY
MUTATING --



GONG
MUTE --



OR RUSTING AWAY
LIKE A FORLORN LEPER.





RELEASED AT THE MOMENT
OF GREATEST DESPAIR BY
AN UNANTICIPATED CAVALRY.



WROOOAR

WHOA,
BOY! DON'T
WANT TO SNISE
AWAY OF OUR
FRIENDS.

EVERY-
BODY, WAVE HELLO
TO LOCKSTEED!
HE'S SOMEWHAT OF
A STRAW. CAN
WE KEEP 'IM?



SICK 'EM,
BOY!

DUKE!
WE GWORE
YOU WERE
A GONER!

IF
LOCKSTEED
HADN'T CUSHIONED
MY FALL, I WOULD'VE
SEEN! I GET HIM
FREE AND WE BOTH
SKEDADDLED OUT
OF THAT CELL.

KNEW
WE COULDN'T
GET RID OF VA
GO BASTARD. HEV,
VER LAF IS
GONE!

NOTICED,
HUKY? THE MORE
YOU TEAGED ME,
THE MORE DETERMINED
I GOT, THE HARDER
I PRACTICED IN A
WAY, I OWE
YOU.

LET'S
CALL IT EVEN.
U'KNOW --
VER AWRIGHT,
SLIM.





HOW
DID YOU
TRAIL US
HERE?

ARCADE
DUPED US INTO
AGGUMING WE WERE
BEING ZAPPED TO
OTHER DIMENSIONS.
WE NEVER LEFT
MOJOWORLD -- OR
EVEN THE STUDIO
LOT!

WE'VE
BEEN ON
ADJACENT SOUND-
STAGES ALL
ALONG!



ME, I'M
DONE WITH ALL
THE HISSON' AND
FABNO-PATTIN'.
THAT OVER-SIZED
LIZARD CAN'T TAKE
ON THE ROGEYMAN
BY HIMSELF.

FOR
MEGEM' WITH
MY MIND, HE'S
ABOUT TO GET A BEAT
DOWN FROM BASIC-
CABLE TO PAY-PER-
VIEW! ANYBODY
WITH ME?



IN TANDEM, THEY FOCUS THEIR
POWER INTO A POTENT ATTACK
ON THE VICIOUS PHANTASM.

IT ISN'T THE INTENSITY OF
THE LIGHTNING BOLTS,
CRASHING RAINS, OR
CONCENTRIC HOWLS THAT
SLAVE THE BEAST.

IT IS THE STRENGTH IN
NUMBERS THAT COMES
FROM A DEDICATED
UNIT, A TEAM WHO
CAN NEVER BE DIVIDED.
A FAMILY.

THE PRECEDING HAS BEEN A PUBLIC SERVICE
ANNOUNCEMENT. THE VIEWS EXPRESSED DO NOT
REFLECT THOSE OF M20, OR STATION
AFFILIATES. VIEWER DISCRETION IS ADVISED.

MEANWHILE, TRANSMISSION IS
DISRUPTED ACROSS THE LAND.

WE'RE
EXPERIENCING... EHHH...
TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES
BEYOND OUR CONTROL.
PLEASE STAND
BY.

EV, MUMBO-
JUMBO -- AN'T
THAT THE DUDE FROM
THE FUNNY MAGAZINE
WITH THE FOLD-IN
COVER?

THE X-BABES CHARGE ONTO
THE MURDERAMA SET, INTENT
ON SETTLING THE SCORE.

ARCADE! WE'VE
ACED EVERY LOW-
DOWN TEST YOU'VE PUT
US THROUGH! NOW WE
DEMAND OUR WALKING
PAPER!

DON'T BE SO HASTY
UNTIL YOU'VE HEARD MY
ULTIMATE ULTIMATUM.

RETURN AS REIGNING CHAMPIONS -- OR
THE BULLIES THERE WILL BE REDUCED TO
THE NEOPLAGM THEY WERE FORGED
FROM! NO PRESSURE.

AFTER
WHISPERED
DELIBERATIONS,
THE KIDS CAST
THEIR VOTES.

OKAY,
YOU WIN. WE'LL
STAY BUT ONLY
BECAUSE WE WON'T
LET ANYBODY ELSE
SUFFER FOR OUR
CRUSADE!

HOW HEROIC.
I'LL RELEASE THE
S.O.M.S. NOW AND PUT
YOU IN THEIR STEAD.

NO!







AAH, SO 'MURDERAMA'S A BUST! I GOT TONS OF IDEAS, GO TO THE TALK-SHOW, HOSTED BY MOI -- NATCH, WHERE OUR GUESTS ARE CONVICTED FELONS.

"I LOVED HER, SO I WENT ON A KILLING SPREE." OR, "DEATH-ROW MAKEOVERS."



MOJO IS INTOLERANT TO EXPLANATIONS. THE DELINQUENT IMPOSTER MUST ENDURE SEVERE PUNISHMENT!

WONDER IF MOJO WOULD SPARE FUNHOUSE'S SPINE WERE MAJOR DOMO TO REVEAL THE EQUALLY ASTRONOMICAL RATINGS FIGURES? GUESS WE'LL NEVER KNOW.



BULLPEN BULLETINS

ON SALE JUNE 17

CAPTAIN AMERICA

There's a crisis at Cape Canaveral, as CAP and WARHIO discover a RUIE alien vessel. Continuing the AVENGERS crossover! By MARK WAID AND ANDY KUBERT

EXCALIBUR

The team takes on MINIC -- the mutant with the powers of the original X-MEN! And now he's gained EXCALIBUR's powers as well! By BEN RAAB AND TREVOR SCOTT!

HEROES FOR HIRE

The spotlight falls on the BLACK KNIGHT, as DAVID WHITMAN confronts a corporate dragon! By JOHN OSTRANDER AND MARY MITCHELL!

INCREDIBLE HULK

The HULK is the strongest one there is, but can he kill himself? After suffering his greatest loss, he's aiming to find out! By PETER DAVID AND ADAM KUBERT!

INCREDIBLE HULK: BEAUTY & THE BEAST

A look back at the doomed romance of BETTY ROSS and BRUCE BANNER, from their first meeting to their wedding, and beyond! By STAN LEE, JACK KIRBY, JOHN BYRNE, PETER DAVID, and more!

MARVEL ANNUAL '98

STAR WARRIOR-SILVER SURFER AND THOR

The war-god of Titan, MILLENNIUM, has stolen the power of the SILVER SURFER! But he can't steal THOR's thunder! By TOM DEFALOO AND RAMON BERNARD!

THUNDERBOLTS

GRAVITON is back! GRAVITON is bad! And he's gonna lay down the law on both the THUNDERBOLTS and the LIGHTNING RODS! By KURT BUSIEK AND MARK BAGLEY!

WHAT IF

What if WOLVERINE had become a HORSEMAN of APOCALYPSE? You won't believe your eyes as WOLVIE becomes the fourth horseman -- DEATH! By TOM DEFALOO AND ADAM DEKRAKER!

PETER PARKER SPIDER-MAN

SPIEY is determined to solve the mystery of JOEY Z, and he's going to venture into the New York underworld to find the answers! By HOWARD MACKIE AND JAVIER SALTALES!

SEEKER 3000

The battle rages on, as the SEEKER is boarded by the barbaric HOKKITT! This time, he's got more action! By DAN ABNETT, IAN EDGINTON AND ANDREW CURRIE!

SPIDER-MAN: MADE MEN

A gangster epic -- told from the point of view of the gangsters! Featuring DAREDEVIL and the PUNISHER, and the gang war to end all gang wars! By HOWARD MACKIE AND NORMAN FELCHIE!

X-MAN

A major turning point in the relationship between MADELYNE PRYOR and the SHADOW KING! This sounds like a perfect issue for the return of PROFESSOR X! By JOE KELLY AND GERMAN GARCIA!

X-MEN

The SHADOW KING has taken over the Phoenix Planet! This sounds like a perfect issue for the return of PROFESSOR X! By JOE KELLY AND GERMAN GARCIA!

X-MEN: THE MANGA

Alone in the Arctic wastelands, WOLVERINE has a rub-in with his deadliest foe, SABRETOOTH! By RUIE KAKIHARA!

ITEM! It's time once again to announce the winners of the **HARVEY AWARDS**, which are chosen by comics professionals across the land! Mighty Marvel scored several awards, which is pretty nifty, when you consider the high quality of our competition! So here they are, the 1998 Harvey Winners:

BEST WRITER: KURT BUSIEK for *Kurt Busiek's Astro City*, AVENGERS, and THUNDERBOLTS

BEST ARTIST: P. CRAIG RUSSELL for *Elric: Stormbringer and Doctor Strange: WHAT IS IT THAT DISTURBS YOU, STEPHEN?*

SPECIAL AWARD FOR HUMOR: SERGIO ARAGONES

BEST INKER: CHARLES BURNS for *Black Hole*

BEST LETTERER: TODD KLEIN for *KA-ZAR, Castle Waiting, and U.S.*

BEST COLORIST: CHRIS WARE for *Acme Novelty Library*

BEST COVER ARTIST: ALEX ROSS for *Kurt Busiek's Astro City, Batman: Legends of the Dark Knight, and SQUADRON SUPREME* trade paperback

SPECIAL AWARD FOR EXCELLENCE IN PRESENTATION: *Acme Novelty Library*

BEST NEW SERIES: *Penny Century* by JAIME HERNANDEZ

BEST CONTINUING OR LIMITED SERIES: *Kurt Busiek's Astro City* by KURT BUSIEK and BRENT ANDERSON

BEST SINGLE ISSUE: *Eightball #18* by DAN CLOWES

BEST ALBUM OF ORIGINAL MATERIAL: *Sin City: Family Values*

BEST ALBUM OF PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED MATERIAL: *Batman: Black and White*

BEST ANTHOLOGY: *Dark Horse Presents*

BEST SYNDICATED STRIP: *Mutts* by PATRICK MCDONNELL

BEST BIOGRAPHICAL, HISTORICAL, OR JOURNALISTIC PRESENTATION: *The Comics Journal*

BEST AMERICAN EDITION OF FOREIGN MATERIAL: *Drawn & Quarterly*

BEST DOMESTIC REPRINT PROJECT: *Jack Kirby's New Gods*

Congratulations to all the winners! We'll be putting our Harveys up on the shelf along with all our No-Prizes!

ITEM! Marvel super heroes are always in fashion, but they're usually not featured in fashion magazines! That all changed with a recent issue of *Arena*, an international magazine that's sort of a *Cosmopolitan* for men! Those clever folks at *Arena* figured that since the Marvel heroes are known for their model behavior, they would actually use them to model some cool new clothes! A collection of Marvel's hottest artists, including MIKE ZECK, BILL SIENKIEWICZ, JOE QUESADA, PAUL OLLIFFE, and MARK BAGLEY illustrated such Marvel heroes as DAREDEVIL, NICK FURY, and the SILVER SURFER, dressed in fashions by the world's top designers! Among the designers who outfitted our heroes were such luminaries as GUCCI, ARMANI, RALPH LAUREN, and VERSACE! The 12-page, full-color spread showed that even super heroes need to dress for success! BRUCE BANNER was clothed in a nifty pin-stripe suit -- but then he turned into THE HULK and busted right out of his designer duds! Sadly, they don't make designer clothes in ol' Greenskin's size! Where are those unstable molecules when you really need them?

STAN'S SOAPBOX!

Helloes!
Welcome back to the literary fountainhead of wisdom and enlightenment! It doth truly warm the cockles of my heart to know that every reader, upon finishing the Soapbox, becomes a wiser, more spiritually enriched human being. Hey, it's the least I can do for mankind! By the way, I'll send an auxiliary No-Prize in a plain wrapper to the first True Believer who can tell me what the name of Thor's shampoo a heart's cookies really are!

Tony Culpener of Montgomery, AL starts off with this soul-wrenching query:

"When you created Spider-Man, why did you use an aunt and uncle for Peter instead of a mom and dad?"

It's kinda hard to remember that far back, Tony, but I think it was because I felt our readers would be more simpatico with an orphan. Also, I liked the sound of "Aunt May" and "Uncle Ben." "Mom May" or "Pop Ben" doesn't quite do it for me!

Remember when we had an "Is It My Imagination, Or...?" contest? Our next No-Prize goes to the first letter we received, from Richard Vasseur of Ontario, Canada.

"Is it my imagination, or are comics losing their idealism?"

I can't answer for all comics, Dick, but in the case of Marvel's batty Bullpeners I can vouch for the fact that you won't find a more idealistic gaggle of guys and gals anywhere south of Alpha Centauri. Face it, most of 'em are real young (like me, of course!) and didja ever know a young person who wasn't a certifiable idealist?

Rafael Gonzales Jr. of the Bronx, NY is obviously a true survivor. Here's why:

"If you had to save Manhattan from being crushed by the magnetic powers of Magneto, which super heroes would you pick to save Manhattan?"

Hey, Rafs, I wouldn't have time to pick anybody! I'd be too busy fleeing to Brooklyn! But, if I really hadda pick, I'd round up the X-Men (assuming I'd have time to search through all their different titles!) and tell them to tackle ol' Maggle. The problem is, by the time they got there, Magneto might have turned into a good guy again! At mixed-up Marvel it's sometimes hard to tell the heroes from the villains without a scorecard. Hey, what an idea! We should send Marvel scorecards! Brilliant! I hereby No-Prize myself!

Well, I could go on and on, but how much cultural enjoyment can you handle at one sitting? Besides, we have to allow you enough time to write or e-mail me yourself. But, even though the prospect of winning a No-Prize is enough to make strong men wet, stay calm, keep cool, and know ye that the tickle fingers of fortune may yet clasp thy smooth and scrawny neck! Now, here it is -- the Valhalla of addresses: *Stan's Soapbox c/o BULLPEN BULLETINS, Marvel Comics, 387 Park Ave. South, New York, NY 10018*. Or, for the technocrat wizards amongst us, e-mail me my friendly neighborhood computer at stanzdanz@aol.com. 'Nuff said!

Excelsior!

Stan Lee



MARVEL HEROES

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